

1840

Lament of the Irish Emigrant

William R. Dempster

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Recommended Citation

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THE LAMENT OF THE IRISH EMIGRANT,
A BALLAD.



THE MUSIC
Composed and most cordially dedicated to
MRS ISAAC M^C GAW,
OF NEW YORK, BY
WILLIAM R. DEMPSTER,
BOSTON.

Price 50 cts. nett.

Published by **W^H H. OAKES**, 8 1/2 Tremont Row.

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THE LAMENT OF THE IRISH EMIGRANT.

Portraying the feelings of an Irish peasant previous to his leaving home, calling up the scenes of his youth under the painful reflection of having buried his wife and child, and what his feelings will be in America.

Music by WILLIAM R. DEMPSTER.

Larghetto e Grazioso con Affettuoso.

Legato

I'm sit - ting on the stile, Ma-ry, Where we sat side by

f p

side, On a bright May morning long a - go, When first you were my

bride. The corn was springing fresh and green, And the lark sang loud and

cres.

high And the red was on thy lip Mary And the love light in your

sotto voce e con espress. *cres.*

f *p* *cres.*

eye And the red was on thy lip Mary And the love light in

rall. ad lib. *colla voce.*

. your eye

f *p*

The place is lit-tle changed, Mary, The day as bright as then; The

Legato.

lark's loud song is in my ear, And the corn is green a-gain! But I

con anima. *cres.* *f* *ff* *pp*

8va. *loco.*

miss the soft clasp of your hand, And your breath warm on my cheek, And I

Sotto voce e con espress. *cres.* *cres.*

still keep list'-ning for the words You nev-er more may speak, And I

legato. *legato.*

still keep list'ning for the words You nev - er more may speak.

rall.

colla voce.

'Tis but a step down

cres. *f* *p* *Staccato Sempre.*

yonder lane And the lit - tle church stands near, The church where we were

wed, Ma-ry, I see the spire from here; But the grave-yard lies be-

Lento.

Colla voce.

tween, Mary, And my step might break your rest, For I've laid you, dar - ling

down to sleep, With your ba - by on your breast, For I've laid you, dar - ling

down to sleep, With your ba - by on your breast,

I'm ver - y lone - ly



now, Mary, For the poor make no new friends; But Oh! they love the



bet-ter far, The few our Fa-ther sends! And you were all I



had, Mary, My blessing and my pride; There's nothing left to



care for now, Since my poor Ma-ry died! There's nothing left to

care for now, Since my poor Ma - ry died!

ad lib.

f f p

The remaining stanzas, may be sung to the accompaniment of the fourth.

5

Yours was the brave good heart, Mary,
That still kept hoping on,
When the trust in God had left my soul,
And thy arms' young strength had gone,
There was comfort ever on your lip,
And the kind look on your brow;
I bless you for that same, Mary,
Though you can't hear me now.

6

I thank you for the patient smile,
When your heart was fit to break,
When the hunger pain was gnawing there,
And you hid it, for my sake!
I bless you for the pleasant word,
When your heart was sad and sore;
Oh! I'm thankful you are gone, Mary,
Where grief can't reach you more.

7

I'm bidding you a long farewell,
My Mary, kind and true!
But I'll not forget you, darling,
In the land I'm going to;
They say there's bread and work for all,
And the sun shines always there;
But I'll not forget old Ireland,
Were it fifty times as fair!

8

And often in those grand old woods
I'll sit, and shut my eyes,
And my heart will travel back again
To the place where Mary lies;
And I'll think I see the little stile
Where we sat side by side,
And the springing corn, and the bright May morn
When first you were my bride!

Chrysomelid